

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 54—No. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1876.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

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Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
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Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE (Marchioness of Lorne).
His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of TECK.
His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK.
and
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.

Principal—Professor MACFARREN, Mus. D. Cantab.

The LENT TERM will commence on MONDAY, the 17th inst., and will terminate on Saturday, the 16th of April.

Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution at Eleven o'clock on Thursday, the 13th inst.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.
4 and 5, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, London.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.
under the direction of Mr JOHN BOOSEY. TENTH SEASON. The Series for 1876 will consist of one Morning Concert, to be given on SATURDAY, January 8, and 12 Evening Concerts, to be given on the successive WEDNESDAYS. The following Artists will appear at the Morning Concert, Jan. 8, and at the first Evening Concert, Jan. 12:—Mme Sherrington, Mme Edith Wynne, Mme Patey, Mrs Osborne Williams, and the Sisters Radia; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Mr Maybrick. Pianoforte—Mr Nicholson. The London Vocal Union (from St. Paul's), under the direction of Mr Walker. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr MEYER LUTZ. Tickets for the Morning and Evening Concerts are now ready. Stalls, 6s.; family tickets to admit four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 3s. and 2s.; gallery and orchestra, One Shilling; to be had of Austin's, St James's Hall; Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street; and of the usual Agents.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY, Jan. 7, 1876. MENDELSSOHN'S "ELLJAH." Principal Vocalists—Mme Edith Wynne, Mme Patey, Miss Jessie Jones, Miss M. Hancock; Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Carter, Mr Smythson, Mr C. Henry, and Mr G. Fox. Organist—Mr Willing. Tickets—3s., 5s., 10s. 6d.

MONS. GUILMANT (of Paris) will give TWO ORGAN RECITALS, at the Bow and Bromley Institute, North London Railway Station, Bow, E., on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 5th and 6th January. Doors open each Evening at 7.30. Recital at Eight o'clock. Admission, Sixpence and One Shilling.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—SECOND SESSION, 1875-6. THIRD MONTHLY MEETING, MONDAY, January 3rd, 1876. At 5 p.m. previously a Paper will be read by the President of the Association, The Rev. Sir FREDERICK A. GORE-OSKELLEY, Mus. Doc. Oxon, M.A., Prof. Univ. Oxon, entitled: "Considerations on the History of Ecclesiastical Music in Western Europe." The Chair will be taken at 4.30 p.m. for ordinary business. CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

MDME SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY, for the training of Professional Vocalists (Ladies only). The Classes will be resumed on MONDAY, January 17th. MDME SAINTON receives Candidates for admission on TUESDAYS, between Three and Four o'clock, at her residence, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, W., where all communications relative to the Engagement of her Pupils for Lessons, Concerts, Oratorios, &c., should be addressed. Prospectuses can be obtained of Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, W.

M. and MDME SAINTON beg to announce that their MEETINGS for the practice of VOCAL CONCERTED MUSIC will commence on MONDAY, February 7th. Particulars as above.

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The wild, white rose.
A boatman's life for me.

My Lily.
Sing, dearest, sing.

Many weary years ago.

May be ordered through any Music-seller, or obtained direct from the Publishers, St James's Hall, post free.

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Glory or the Grave.
The Alpine Hunter.
Heavenly Voices.
Gentle Flowers.
The Buckles on her Shoes.
The Flight of the Birds.

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THE MUSIC BY

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"The most interesting feature was, perhaps, the singing by Mdme Nilsson of two songs by Mr J. W. Davison, a gentleman who, in his capacity of composer, is much too little known. The ballads we allude to were 'I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,' one of a set of vocal illustrations of Shelley, and 'Sweet Village Bells,' words by the late Desmond Ryan; the music in either case being of high artistic merit, and worthy the notice of the famous artist to whom the public are indebted for their acquaintance with the compositions. Mdme Nilsson's success was unequivocal, the vocalist being recalled to the platform no less than three times."—*Concordia*.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS

(1875-6).

Conductor—**Mr. AUGUST MANNS.**

THE first half (twelve) of these concerts have now been held, at which the following novelties have been performed :—

Bach—Cantata, *God's Time*.
Haydn—Symphony in E flat.
Weber—Symphony No. 2; Overture, *Peter Schmoll*; Adagio and Rondo for bassoon and orchestra.
Raff—Symphony in G minor.
Volkmann—Overture, *Richard the Third*.
Wagner—Overture, *Fliegende Holländer*.
Macfarren—Oratorio, *St John the Baptist*.
Pierson—Overture, *Macbeth*.
Holmes—Violin Concerto.
Cusins—Overture, *Love's Labour's Lost*.
Stephens—Overture, *Dream of Happiness*.
Wingham—Overture in E.

Amongst the non-novelties were :—

Beethoven—Symphonies 1 to 4; Concertos in G and E flat; Overtures, *Leonora* (2), and *Egmont*.
Weber—Overtures, *Freischütz* and *Oberon*.
Schubert—Symphony in B flat.
Mendelssohn—Overtures, *Trumpet and Ruy Blas*; Concerto, G minor; *Walpurgis Night*; *Lobgesang*.
Schumann—Overture, *Scherzo and Finale*; Overture, *Manfred*.
Spohr—Symphony, *Power of Sound*.
Bennett—Overture, *Parisina*.
Wagner—Overture, *Tannhäuser*.

The second half (fourteen) of the series will open on the 10th January, 1876, and the following novelties will be performed during the series :—

Bach—Suite for flute and orchestra.
Handel—Chandos, *Te Deum*.
Haydn—Symphony in D.
Mozart—*Requiem*.
Beethoven—Selection from Octett for wind; and from Serenade for flute and strings.
Schubert—Grand Duo in C, orchestrated by Joachim; Allegro for strings in C minor.
Mendelssohn—Capriccio in E minor for strings; Hymn, "To the Sons of Art"; 95th Psalm, with MS. chorus.
Schumann—Overture, *Rheineinlied*, (with chorus); Introduction and Allegro for piano and orchestra in D (Op. 134); selection from *Spanisches Liederspiel* (Op. 74), for a vocal quartet.
Brahms—*Rinaldo*, Cantata for solo tenor, men's voices, and orchestra.
Raff—"Mazurka, Polonaise, and Russisch," for orchestra.
Wagner—Extracts from *Tristan and Isolde*.
Liszt—"Mephisto Waltz," for orchestra.
Rubinstein—Pianoforte Concerto (No. 3); Scena for soprano.
Benedict—Andante and Finale from Symphony in C.
Prout—Magnificat, for solos, chorus, and orchestra.

Among the non-novelties will be :—

Beethoven—Symphonies 5 to 9.
Mozart—Hafner Symphony.
Mendelssohn—Symphony in C minor.
Schumann—Symphony in B flat.
Hiller—Pianoforte Concerto in F sharp minor.
Brahms—Grand Serenade.
Bennett—Caprice in E.
Sullivan—Symphony in E.

Crystal Palace, Dec. 27, 1875,

"THE GLADIATOR."

MR THURLEY BEALE will sing **C. E. TINNEY's** new Song, "THE GLADIATOR," Jan. 5th, London; and at **Mr C. E. Tinney's** Concert, at the Athenæum, Camden Road, Jan. 28th, 1876.

MDME ROSE HERSEE.

MDME ROSE HERSEE will be free to accept Oratorio and Concert ENGAGEMENTS on and after January 24th. All letters to be addressed to Lee Place, Lewisham, S.E.

MDME ANTOINETTE STERLING begs to announce that she can accept ENGAGEMENTS on and after 7th of January. All communications addressed to her at her residence, 9, St George's Square, Belgravia, S.W., will receive immediate attention.

HERR HERMAN FRANKÉ will perform CONCERTO (Violin), by **MAX BRUCH**, This Day, at Manchester.

MUSIC TRADE.—WANTED, an ASSISTANT in a City House, as SALESMAN. Must understand Tuning. Apply, by letter, stating age, qualifications, salary, &c., to "A. Z., Mr Lawrence, 154, Fenchurch Street.

HERR SCHUBERTH (Founder and Director of the Schubert Society) begs to announce his Return to Town from the Continent. The Prospectus of the Tenth Season of the Schubert Society will be issued about the middle of January.

MR CARRODUS will return to London, January 3rd.—47, St Paul's Road, Camden Square.

MR MAYBRICK has Returned to Town, and can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address, 2, Little Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.

M. NIEDZIELSKI, having just finished several Provincial Engagements, the most recent of which was at Brighton, where he was enthusiastically received, can now accept ENGAGEMENTS, singly, or with his Vocal and Instrumental Concert Party, in London or the Country. The *Country Standard* says: "The great Polish violinist, M. Niedzielski, cannot be too highly praised. Suffice it to say that his marvellous execution upon the violin evoked deserved and enthusiastic applause, the performer being brought before the foot-lights again and again." He has also been as highly praised by foreign and London journals. Address, Care of **DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street, W.

ST MARY'S HALL, 5 and 6, St Mary's Road, Canonbury, Islington, N.—**ENGLISH and FRENCH INSTITUTION for LADIES**, on the Principles of Queen's College. Established 1849. Will RE-OPEN (D.V.) on the 11th of January. Ladies wishing further instruction in any branch of Education under eminent Professors can be received as Boarders for a Term, or longer, with every facility for Study and Special Preparations for Local and other Examinations. Prospectuses forwarded upon application.
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D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL. The celebrated Hunting Song. Post free for 25 stamps (pre-paid), from W. METCALFE, Chiswick Street, Carlisle. "The only correct edition, both as regards words and music."—Vide *The Field*.

BEAUTY SLEEPS. Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT. Music by CHARLES B. BRAHAM. 4s. "Upon this song—the composition of a man who has long ere this made his mark as a composer, and who can claim the honour of being a son of the most celebrated tenor vocalist England has ever known—we have already commented, when it was first introduced into the score of *Fleur de The*, at the Criterion Theatre. Sir Walter Scott's poem is thoroughly well known, and the melody to which it is set is more than usually pretty and captivating. The amateur tenor who can sing 'Beauty Sleeps' with due expression will find it one of the most charming things of the sort he has seen for some time."—*Figaro*, Dec. 18th, 1875. R. MILLS & SONS, 140, New Bond Street, W.

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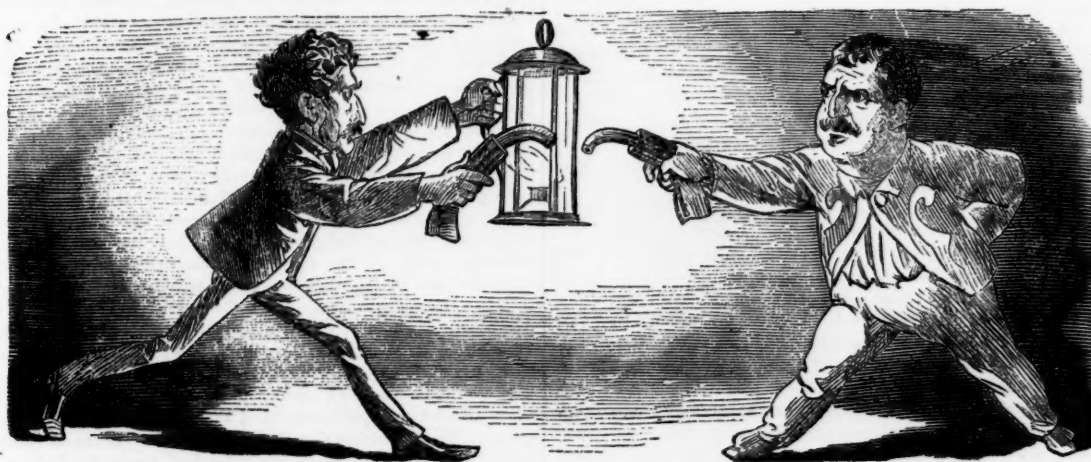
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A Projected Duello.



Which did not come off—Hector being shy of Achilles, and Achilles shy of Hector. Had it been Ajax Cassagnac, and Ulysses Rochefort, the case might have been indifferently the same.—*Klabberdatsch*.

MUSICAL MEANDERINGS.

(Saturday, December 18th, 1875.)

There is a small minority of the human race who act as leaven in animating and arousing the mass; though, at times unperceived, their motive influence is constantly in action for the moral civilization of the whole. What are they?

Although those ancient philosophers, who endeavoured to prove that all phenomena were but copies of a prior idea, fell into the mistake of the finite mind when it encounters a truth-mystery, that of exaggerating its magnitude and giving it a central instead of a subordinate position in the universal system, there was the allegorical truth wrapt up in their mystical utterances which may always be found in great propositions that can lay claim to novelty of thought. Perpetually stumbling in their labyrinths of reasoning upon the undeniable fact of the vital importance of the transcendental to all progress, cosmological and individual, they somewhat rashly concluded the ideal to be the only true existence.

Idea, in the sense we take it, is the concept spontaneously evolved by the mind as it were in reply to an impression conveyed to it by sense. Whether the mind *can* conceive without being first aroused, or whether, without extraneous influence, it remains as a stagnant pool when undisturbed; whether (to allude only to art) an artist perceives the future work existing in his thoughts without this inexplicable mental problem being, so to say, started by the senses, is still a vexed question; but that there are minds perpetually melting into beautiful mirages of that which has as yet but potential existence, is an indisputable fact. These minds are those of men of idea: they apprehend things less as they are, than as they *should be*.

As none can perceive the mental organization of another, these men of idea are unrecognizable until they have space to measure their powers, and opportunity to operate. Very frequently self-contained and retiring (for deep thought and external babble are antagonistic), they negative those trite sayings that "real talent must eventually rise to the surface," "true merit will always make its way," etc. Gray's typical youth was no mere phantasy. Many "mute inglorious Miltons" may be born and die, abortive minds, not through want of power, or fault of their own, but for a defect; the lack of the spirit and elasticity wanted to float them upon those turbulent human waves, which should have beat against their feet, instead of roaring above their heads.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Whenever we perceive any rapid or exceptional effect upon civilization's surface, we may know the cause to be a large idea in some mind or another. In Art we not alone owe those monuments of her progress, *embodied concepts*, to men of idea, but all that is new and beautiful in her evanescent expressions. All great orators and executive musicians must possess this power in degree, and the minds of eminent teachers must have grasped the full idea of their subject, or they could not vividly have impressed it upon the minds of their pupils. Idea rules its mind-dwelling, absorbing and controlling all the resources it finds therein. A man inspired with an idea cares for little else till he has given it the birth it importunately demands; nor is he deterred by those difficulties attendant upon the reduction of the mental to the material, for he is as one who has looked steadfastly at the sun—the brilliancy of the transcendental changing ordinary appearances around after it has ceased to operate.

The province of the critic is to distinguish the perfect from the imperfect; that of the artist is larger, it is to determine perfection. The artist must not alone detect deficiencies, he must be able to supply them. Thus, for instance, a critic hearing an orchestra has a right to complain at the unsatisfactory development of this noble weapon in music's armoury; but unless an artist be prepared to state what the highest development of an orchestra *is*, he should be silent.

That the rising English conductor, Mr Weist Hill, has been a sharp critic on this subject, and is now proving himself its artist, with ease filling in the hiatus left by his predecessors and compeers, must be more or less recognised by all who have watched the progress of the Alexandra Palace concerts since their commencement last spring. The rapidity with which the small assortment of—in many cases young and untried—musicians has been welded into one voice, eloquent with the idea of its ruler, has been almost startling; for Mr Hill's concept of orchestral perfection is a lofty one. Until now the great defect of orchestras has been the annihilation of the individual executant. Members of a band having been apparently regarded by their chief as mere portions, existing only in their relation to the whole, have seemed to lose that personal interest in their work, that emulation which is often the artist's staff when, wearied by overburdening labour, he may be, perhaps, a little out of love with his exacting mistress. Thus, carelessness being engendered, there has by no means been the equality which

the advancers of the amalgamation system would urge as its necessary consequence. In truth, we can hardly mention an orchestra of the day, at home or abroad, where the sound in *fortissimo* has not been rugged and rough, the *piano* unequal, the *diminuendo* and *crescendo* constantly marred by here and there a tone out of its exact position in the advance and retreat of sound, the *solis* devoid of the expression intended by the composer, and the collective art-performance exactly opposite to the theory of Nature. Nature, though she seems so jealously protective of individuality that no two of the same species are, however minute, exactly alike, is ever harmonious in her synthesis; this sort of Art, while dissolving individuality, has failed to obtain the expected result of unity.

The orchestra at the Alexandra Palace, that seems almost visibly to mould Mr Hill's idea into form at the bidding of his *bâton*, is not open to this reproach. It presents the anomaly of each unit retaining his special mode of artistic thought, while his will is conformed to that of his leader. Beneath the similarity of expression one distinguishes the individual conception untouched; as when, though outwardly uniform, the members of a corps are recognisable by their face and figure. This is, of course, only apparent when it should be so; that is to say, when a *solo* phrase is allotted to any instrumentalist that should be produced with spontaneous expression, collectively, time, tune and tone are given with a fractional exactitude, so that a *pianissimo* at the Alexandra Palace is an effect almost new in the experience of concert-goers.

The recognition of the quartet as the true nucleus of an orchestra has tended to the solidification of Mr Weist Hill's novel attempt. That he has determined each player of a stringed instrument to attain the rank of soloist, if not already deserving of the title, is evident, and that he is also bent upon the general agreement of these soloists is no less so.

The orchestras of France may have more brilliant attributes, they may glisten with their "*timbre*," "*verre*," "*chic*," and the orchestras of Germany may enjoy the moonlight of perfection which they have certainly attained; but we believe that it has been reserved for an Englishman to conceive and to prove that a harmony of units is possible, without the resolution of those units into an unwieldy and insensible mass.

FLAMINGO.

[Oh! that we could agree with the practical application of "Flamingo's" theory as well as we agree with the theory itself! But alas!—D. PETERS.]

ON AN OLD LOVE-LETTER.

Brown and faded 's the ink,
And the paper, once pink,
Now's a colour of which I've no notion;
While the lines I here trace,
With a smile on my face,
I devoured once with love and devotion.
That the writer was mad,
And the reader as bad,
Seems a fact, and I scarcely can doubt it;
While, as further I read,
I feel certain indeed
Now there's left no illusion about it.
My fair friend here doth say,
Each long night or sad day
She passes without me is anguish;
And I think, I replied,
I far rather had died
Than be doomed for her thus e'er to languish.
Well, perhaps 'tis too bad,
And may be somewhat sad,
To regard with such scorn this poor token;
For we ne'er then believed,
Though long since undeceived,
That our vows were all made to be broken.

SIMCOCK HOUSE.

NICE.—The Duke of Hamilton has taken the Théâtre des Folies Nipôises for the purpose of transforming it into a skating rink.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS.

(From the "Graphic," December 25.)

The concerts and recitals this early winter have been more than usually numerous; but the pressure upon our space will only allow a brief reference to some of the more important of them. The revival of Handel's *Deborah* (with Sir Michael Costa's additional accompaniments) after an interval of three years, did not, as might have been expected, create a very marked impression. Nevertheless, the essay was creditable to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the execution generally was good. *Deborah*, although the first oratorio composed by Handel for public performance in England (*Esther* having been written for the Duke of Chandos, thirteen years earlier), contains some of its author's most characteristic choruses. The antagonism between the priests of Baal and the worshippers of Jehovah, as Handel has chorally depicted them, unquestionably suggested one of the most impressive passages in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The choral singing, on the whole, left very little to desire; and the solo vocal parts—entrusted to Mdlle Levier, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Montem Smith, and Mr Lewis Thomas (the last one of the foremost and most experienced of our Handelian singers)—were for the greater part equally to be commended.—The first of the usual Christmas performances of the *Messiah* has already been given.—The *Messiah* has also been given at the Alexandra Palace, where, under the direction of Mr Weist Hill, music of a high class is gradually, but surely, making way.—At the Royal Albert Hall, too, the "sacred oratorio" was performed on Monday, with Madame Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, Miss Williams, Mr E. Lloyd, and Signor Foli as principal singers. The name of Christine Nilsson alone would have sufficed to draw a crowd of amateurs, for, in music of this elevated kind, she especially excels. Jenny Lind herself could not have thrown more purely devotional expression into "I know that my Redeemer liveth." When it is added that Mr Joseph Barnby was conductor, it will readily be understood that the magnificent choruses which abound in the *Messiah* were rendered in such a manner as to make their deep significance thoroughly felt. Dr Stainer, of St Paul's, was at the organ. Much more sacred music has been given in various places—all over England, in fact. But enough has been said to prove that the taste for the most elevated, and at the same time most persuasive and consoling, form which art in this particular sphere can assume, is strong as ever among us. May it long remain so. Passing from sacred to secular music, it may suffice to state that the second pianoforte "recital" of Madame Annette Essipoff was quite equal in interest to the first, and the playing of the gifted Russian artist quite as remarkable. She introduced, as usual, a great diversity of pieces, old and new, among them being Sir Sterndale Bennett's "Lake," first of three "Sketches," of which the "Millstream" and the "Fountain" are the second and third. Her chief display, however, was in Beethoven's last sonata—Op. 111 (C minor), and in this she proved—as she had already in Op. 110 (A flat)—the aptitude to comprehend the meaning and master the technical difficulties of pieces, before which all the exhibitions of modern so-called "virtuosity" sink to absolute insignificance. Mdlle Anna Mehlig, another pianist, *de première force*, has also given a "recital," at which she exhibited with undeniable effect her proficiency in more than one school. She played, among other things, the great sonata of Weber in A flat, too rarely heard nowadays. Mdlle Mehlig enjoyed the co-operation of Mdlle Essipoff and Herr Wilhelmj; and not the least attractive features of the programme were the duets of Schumann and Reinecke, by the two fair pianists, and Schubert's well-known rondo in B minor, by Mdlle Mehlig and the famous Rhenish violinist. Herr Wilhelmj's own concert, which, like the others we have mentioned, was held at St. James's Hall, was equally successful—and for the best of reasons: the programme was well chosen and the playing of the distinguished concert-giver all that could be desired. That Herr Wilhelmj is equally master of the "classical" and modern styles was shown—not for the first time. Herr Wilhelmj's position was never more firmly established in this country than now.

"Come into the Garden, Maud!

* * * * *

I am here at the gate, alone!"

(Dedicated to the Poet Laureate.)



DR SHIPPING.—Where is the "Maud" that could resist that voice?

DR QUINCE.—Or where the "Pretty Jane?"

DR GHOST.—Or where the "Adelaide?"

DR FOX.—Nowhere!—Nowhere!—Nowhere!

The Porter of Habre.



[Knot Robson, but Santley. May Santley live, to do old Robson's work!—D. P.]

THE NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.

The following letter, addressed by Mr Mapleson to *The Times*, appeared in Monday's impression of that Journal:—

To the Editor of "*The Times*."

SIR,—Observing a paragraph in *The Times* of yesterday stating that the hope of being able to open the National Opera House next season had been abandoned, I ask your kind permission to say that the report is without foundation.

That I have entered into arrangements with Mr Chatterton, in case of any unforeseen emergency, is true; but such a precaution was only due to the patrons and subscribers who honour me with their confidence and support, and my obligations to whom are, under any circumstances, binding.—I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

J. H. MAPLESON.

Bedford House, Worthing, Dec. 26.

The Sultan.

We read the following in the last issue of our excellent contemporary, *The Graphic* of the 2nd inst.:—

"Mr. J. L. Hatton, one of the most experienced and genial of our composers, to whom we owe 'Anthea,' the 'Hesperus,' and many other fine English songs, is going abroad for a lengthened period, with the view of completing, in unmolested quietude, an oratorio upon which he has been for some time engaged."

Here he is—bounding with life and vigour—ready to start upon his journey:



Don voyage!—J. L. Czapek Hatton;—and a speedy return—oratorio in hand! (This last is a *sine quâ non*).

WIESBADEN.—An extra Symphonie Concert of the Cur-Orchester in Wiesbaden, on the 20th inst., brought the following interesting programme:—(1) Overture zu Kalidasa's "*Sakuntala*," by Goldmark; (2) "*Loreley*," a legend for orchestra, with harp *obbligato*; (3) "*Evening*," rhapsodie, by Raff; (4) "*Souvenir de Londres*," fantasia, for harp solo; (5) Mozart's Jupiter Symphony. The orchestral pieces, under the talented direction of Capellmeister L. Lüstner, were executed in a manner highly creditable to the conductor as well as to the orchestra. The performances of Mr C. Oberthür, from London, who is well known here, elicited the most unanimous applause, and deservedly so, as such harp-playing will not easily be forgotten. Mr Oberthür was vehemently recalled after each piece, and was obliged to come forward again after his brilliant solo, "*Souvenir de Londres*," to play an additional piece. His "*Loreley*" is a most poetical conception; it was excellently executed by the orchestra, and admired by all the *cognoscenti*. The large *salle* of the Cur-house was crowded to excess.

CARL ROSA.

This enterprising, music-loving, and legitimately energetic professor is now confidently looked upon as the future regenerator of English opera, which emboldens us, notwithstanding the fact that he is more or less of Teutonic origin, to present our readers with his portrait.



He who wills well does well. Otherwise, *cui bono*? Moreover, Carl Rosa is an exceptional fiddler, has four strings to his bow, and four bows to each particular string.

ROME.—There will be fifty performances during the present season at the Teatro Apollo, under the management of Signor Jacovacci. The operas will be *La Vestale* with Signora Wanda-Müller; *Dolores*, with Signora Galletti; *Guarany*, with Signorina Borghi-Mamo; and, perhaps, *Lohengrin*. Besides the ladies mentioned, the company will include Signore Meyer, Celega, Signori Campanini, Verati, Quintiti-Leoni, Brogi, Mirabelli, and Ottavi.

In Memoriam.

AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

On Christmas Day, about half-past seven o'clock p.m., after intense suffering, borne with un murmuring fortitude and resignation, Augustus Mayhew peacefully and calmly breathed his last, leaving a sad and profound void in the hearts of those who knew him intimately.

Augustus Septimus Mayhew was at the time of his decease only in his fiftieth year. The grief at his loss is increased by the regret that he should have been snatched away at so, comparatively speaking, early an age. He was the youngest, and, as his second name implies, seventh son of Joshua Mayhew, a well-known solicitor. After receiving a liberal education, partly in England and partly in France, he was articled as a clerk in his father's office. But he had no liking for the legal profession, and, when he had served for some years, he abandoned the law for a pursuit more suited to his tastes. He went to Paris with the object of studying as a painter. The ease and grace distinguishing the productions of his pencil warranted the belief that, had he persevered, he might have achieved a high reputation as an artist. But literature possessed even stronger charms for him than painting, and his predilection for the former was strengthened and developed by the fact of his being thrown among a knot of young Englishmen, with similar proclivities and aspirations, who then formed a small English colony in the Quartier Latin.

Once started on a literary career, Augustus Mayhew speedily proved himself worthy of belonging to a family all the male members of which were men of more than ordinary ability, and who all have made their mark. It is impossible to enumerate in a short notice everything that Augustus Mayhew wrote. We may mention, however, at random, a few of his works. As one of "The Brothers Mayhew" he has caused many a hearty laugh, wherever the English language is spoken, by the novel entitled *The Greatest Plague in Life*. It was as one of "The Brothers Mayhew," also, that he co-operated in *London Labour and London Poor*, produced by his brother, Henry Mayhew. With Sutherland Edwards he wrote *The Goose with the Golden Eggs*, a piece which has enjoyed, and still continues to enjoy, extraordinary popularity. Another piece, written in conjunction with the same gentleman, is *The Four Cousins*, performed some little time since at the Globe Theatre. Among the works emanating exclusively from his pen, the novel of *Paved with Gold* occupies a prominent position. It is characterised by unusual powers of observation and rare originality. In this book, as in all else he wrote, we are particularly struck by the wonderful similes which flow in never-ending spontaneity from the author's pen. Another highly favourable specimen of his capabilities is a short novel called *The Finest Girl in Bloomsbury*. His contributions to periodical literature were as able as they were numerous. Those which he wrote for *The Girl of the Period* were exceedingly popular, while our readers will not have forgotten many articles of his which, from time to time, appeared in the columns of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

In private life Augustus Mayhew was warmly beloved. His marvellous animal spirits; his kindly manner; his exuberant fund of humour, and his flashing wit, not forgetting his cheery good-natured laugh, rendered him a favourite wherever he went. None of those who were fortunate enough to know him will ever forget the genial spell exercised by his presence, nor cease to lament that one so highly gifted, both in heart and brain, will never grasp their hand again.

J. V. B.

Kensington "Edas Berum."

Having taken a few months of rest the promoters of the "National School for Music" at South Kensington are again up and doing. We hear of repeated Council meetings under the presidency of the Duke of Edinburgh, of a gathering to take place in the City, which his Royal Highness will attend, and of a final effort to secure the number of exhibitions required for starting the school. It is a noteworthy fact that from all this activity on behalf of a cause which Royal influence has made prominent musicians stand aloof. The distinguished speakers at recent meetings have been careful to show that they know nothing about music, and the only professionals hitherto named in connection with the school are Mr John Ella and some others, who will supervise the work done. At first sight this appears curious enough; but, what is still more remarkable, the phenomenon strictly accords with the traditions of musical education in England. The first suggestion of a national school for music came from Dr Burney, but failed for reasons with which the professors of his day were intimately concerned. When travelling in Italy, the Doctor, stimulated by what he saw around him, resolved to encourage the musical tastes of his countrymen, and also to promote a measure of national economy, or, as Madame d'Arblay puts it, "to save English talent from the mortification, and the British purse from the depredation, of seeking a constant annual supply of genius and merit from foreign shores." Unfortunately the worthy Doctor tried to combine these practical and desirable measures with an impossible notion. He laid down as an axiom that the pupils of his school should be children "to whom the world was utterly unknown, and who not only in innocence had breathed their infantine lives, but in complete and unsuspecting ignorance of evil." Looking about for this Arcadian material, the Doctor's eyes rested upon the Foundling Hospital. Youth and guilelessness were there, added to utter dependence, and at once it was proposed to form a Conservatorio in association with the charity which had enlisted the sympathies of the illustrious Handel. At first everybody approved, but soon objections were raised. The foundlings, it was urged, should be trained for nothing higher than manual labour, and thereby have a chance of escaping the snares which probably entangled their culpable parents. At that time such an argument had force; but the Doctor's greatest opponents were the musical teachers, who saw no advantage to their own interests in the scheme, and eventually it was abandoned. Fifty years later some professors, in the true spirit of trades-unionism, yet not without a feeling for the dignity of their art and their own importance as its representatives, projected a National Academy, to be exclusively managed by themselves. The scheme was grand and comprehensive, including Academicians, associates, honorary members, concerts of orchestral and chamber music, lectures, and a "commodious house" for the reception of a limited number of pupils. But nothing came of it. The profession generally did not want to share their loaves and fishes with rival mouths, and the magnificent project went straightway into the limbo of abortions.

It is hard to say how long the country would have remained without a national school for music had not a bold step been taken by the Royalty and aristocracy which are now so zealous on behalf of the Kensington enterprise. What the professors would not or could not do for their art an association of distinguished amateurs managed to accomplish, and the result of their labours was the Royal Academy of Music, which happily still exists and flourishes. In July, 1822, the late Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord Burghersh, called a meeting at the Thatched House Tavern, whereto came a couple of earls, a lord, a count, three "sirs," an honourable, and one esquire, to represent the commonalty. By these personages, acting under the patronage of George IV., was founded a National School for Music, which, till within a very few years, remained beneath the shadow of its parent aristocracy. Into the particulars of the changes which the management passed over to the Board of Professors, we shall not enter; but it is sufficiently remarkable that immediately after the Royal Academy of Music became a professional enterprise, the representatives of its originators started a scheme of their own. On the first blush of the thing everybody must see cause for congratulation in this fact. It brings a powerful social influence to bear in favour of an important branch of artistic training, and presents to English Philistinism the spectacle of Royal Princes, Archbishops, Peers, and Lord Mayors all united in a common zeal for musical culture. Moreover, it may well be supposed that there is room for two avowedly "national" schools at a time when the diversities of musical thought and method are numerous and in strong contrast. Enthusiasm, therefore, on behalf of the Kensington project seems natural and excusable, but whether it should outlive reflection is open to doubt. Always, of course, the distinguished promoters must be credited with genuine zeal on behalf of music. It is not for us to assume that some of them are moved by anxiety for an idea which

has found a local habitation and several names at Kensington, or that others are merely following where Royalty leads. But while the art may be proud of its friends, we see clearly enough that zeal has, in their case, outrun discretion. Under aristocratic management the Royal Academy of Music languished, and only of late, with its destinies presided over by competent and practical men, has the institution enjoyed the unqualified sympathy and support of the public. On what ground, it may be asked, do the *dilettanti* at Kensington expect to show themselves more capable than the noble amateurs who met formerly in Tenterden Street? It should be remembered, too, that the aristocratic projectors of the Royal Academy had the field wholly to themselves, while the new Kensington School finds it occupied by a long-established and flourishing rival. Lord Burghersh and his associates could choose professors from the *élite* of their order; but the Kensington managers are at the disadvantage that nearly all the best teaching power of the country is unavailable, while there can be no doubt that the entire musical world cherishes a profound distrust of the new scheme. Into the course of such a feeling we cannot enter at length; but, unquestionably, much of it springs from an idea that sincere regard for musical education amongst us should have rallied all parties around the existing Academy instead of prompting a rival enterprise. It was some such thought that the Duke of Edinburgh had in view when, speaking at Marlborough House, he pleaded the impossibility of uniting these two institutions. But waiving the reply that, on every ground of policy and good feeling, no second scheme ought to have been started, it may be urged that the attempt at union was never honestly and fairly made. The story of the negotiations which took place between the Royal Academy managers and the Kensington authorities has yet to be told; when it is, the public will see that the sacrifices were, in effect, all on one side, and that the Academy was required to surrender its highest privileges for a "mess of pottage."

There would have been some *raison d'être* for the projected school, and the attitude of its promoters, had the Royal Academy shown itself effete—a mere cumberer of the ground which others desired to cultivate with energy. But the contrary was the case; and the fact is another reason for public suspicion. Ever since the late Sir Sterndale Bennett became Principal, the prosperity of the Academy has increased, and now Professor Macfarren can boast that the students are more numerous than at any former time, while the teaching power continues fully equal to the demand. No one pretends that the institution is perfect. Much remains to be done; but the prevailing tone is healthy, and in a little while we shall have a school of music worthy to rank with the boasted Conservatoires of the Continent. Judging by what passes at the meetings held to promote the Kensington scheme, no such thing as a national school for music exists amongst us. We have ventured to remind the public of the actual fact, and now it may be well to invite a contrast between the rivals. In Tenterden Street is an Academy more than half a century old, incorporated by Royal Charter and under Royal patronage, presided over by one of the most distinguished masters of the age, crowded with pupils, and rich in association with the repute of able professors and artists whom it has given to the world of music. Kensington, on the other hand, offers a project which, so far, consists of a house, a certain number of promised scholarships, a board of distinguished amateurs and a few eminent musicians, with nebulous functions which they cannot exercise till some other musicians, not yet discovered, have been found and set to work. It is for the liberal and art-loving public to decide between these two—to determine whether their money shall be risked in a speculation that, up to the present, has done nothing to invite, but much to repel confidence, or whether it shall be applied to the help of an institution which, on the score of past services and present eminence, has an undoubted claim.—*Daily Telegraph*.

RATISBON.—The *Morgenblatt* of the 17th ult. writes as follows:—"The Musical Society gave, at its first concert this season, on the 11th of December, a most interesting programme. Under the spirited direction of Capellmeister Carl, Beethoven's Second Symphony was executed in an unexceptional manner. The hero of the second part was C. Oberthür, the celebrated harp virtuoso, and composer for that instrument. Technical difficulties appear not to exist for Mr Oberthür, as he executed the most difficult passages in all possible combinations with the utmost ease and elegance. With wonderful precision he played whole phrases in harmonics, and musical 'floritures' are seldom heard on the harp with such unflinching distinctness. His poetical playing, as well as his compositions, must have convinced everyone that he is quite an exceptional artist, and a most genial composer. Every piece of the *maestro* brought forth never-ending applause, and he was obliged, after his 'Clouds and Sunshine,' to play an extra piece, to the eminent satisfaction and appreciation of all present. The room was crowded to its utmost capacity."

THE KENNEDYS IN AMERICA.

Stratford-on-Avon, Canada, November 23rd.

MESSRS HENDERSON, RAIT, AND FENTON.

Gentlemen,—Since my last we have covered another large portion of the American Continent, being now in Canada, and once more on British soil. The winter is setting in, and there are occasional falls of snow, with sharp frost. We have all got fur caps, great-coats, and thick gloves, and begin to look Canadians every inch of us. This seems a wonderful change to us, for when I wrote you last we were wearing light "dusters" in the streets of Salt Lake City. From there we went east to Omaha, passing over the Rocky Mountains, through *cañons* of startling grandeur. The train seemed compressed within fierce rocky jaws, the precipices on each side being something to be remembered; and there appeared scarcely room enough at places for both the single track of rail and the wild torrent that rushed through the defile. All along here the Yankees have painted their advertisements on the more prominent rocks. Admiring a high peak, your eye rests on "Dyspepsia Pills;" falling into raptures over a deep ravine, you are shocked with "Vinegar Bitters;" and, while noting the beautiful effects of light and shade, you are suddenly called upon to "Try the Rising Sun Stove Polish." It's awful! Ruskin, if he saw this, would turn speechless with horror. On the second day we crossed the real prairie at last—boundless, unrelieved by obstructing mountains, and with a cold, clear, invigorating atmosphere, that infused new life into our lungs. We felt as if we were on a long railway voyage. The train journeyed over the configurations of a mighty continent, with all its variety of climates, passing through one vast territory after another, the same as you would the undulations of a country-side in an ordinary railway trip. On the third day we reached Omaha, 1,914 miles from San Francisco. Yet New York was 1,454 miles further east still. The mind almost fails to grasp the expanse of country traversed by the locomotive, the railway shuttle that is weaving civilisation across the desert.

The journey from here to Chicago was rough, the jolts dreadful, and the oscillations alarming, as the track had been severely damaged by heavy rains. The bridges were all crossed at quarter speed, a precaution by no means unnecessary, for the next train that followed us smashed disastrously through one of these bridges into a river. We crossed the Missouri, and the sullen, or, more correctly speaking, muddy waters of the Mississippi, and came to Chicago. We thought we would never reach the station, what with the interminable rows of huts, factories, elevators, workmen's houses, strings of butter-cars, milk-cars, fruit-cars, wheat-cars, lumber-cars, and emigrant-cars. Chimney-stalks appearing through lake-mists and smoke, high gables of warehouses, bridges across the river, and the noisy traffic of vehicles that ran alongside the train, impressed us with the fact that the great city was at hand. Chicago is colossal, substantial. The business portion is one mass of grand edifices, all erected since the great fire four years ago. There is no break in the splendid sweep of the buildings that line the long extent of the streets. Whether hotels, insurance offices, banks, newspaper offices, halls, theatres, or churches, they are all imposing, and the lavishness of the architecture or the amount of statuary is no criterion of the importance of the building. Chicago is built on flat ground by Lake Michigan, and is not very interesting to the mere traveller. A person gets wearied after a while seeing nothing but mercantile palaces.

In Chicago we went to Hooley's Theatre, in which a *troupe* of "niggers" were doing good business, despite the mournful cry of "bad times" to be heard all over the States just now. But minstrel companies generally do well in America. This theatre, I see, has since been closed, as the proprietor is bankrupt. At Mr Vicker's we saw *Enoch Arden* played by Edwin Adams—a very "aqua-lactal" drama, the dialogue being all arranged from the poem. The polished lines fell flat on a poor audience. I think Tennyson's *Queen Mary* will draw, from its own *vim* and that of Irving. Oh, how we long to see Irving! He is familiar in our mouths as household words. Since hearing of his new reading of *Macbeth*, we have read the play through his spectacles, and the "noble king" does not seem so noble. What would Macready say to Irving, I wonder? We have just finished the "Remi-

niscences," which are as interesting as anything I have read for a long time. As an actor Macready strikes one as being too pernicketty to have reached the fullest height or depth of his art. Salvini, too, has been astonishing London, I see, with his "ultra-realistic" *Othello*; and Rossi is in Paris. The theatrical meteors are flitting thick and fast through the sky. From Australian papers we received a day or two ago, we see that Ristori is thrilling Melbourne, Murska is putting the Antipodes daft with her execution, and Jaunasehek is to follow Ristori. Happy Australians! and also happy Canadians; for the great Tietjens is now amongst them. In Toronto we saw Fechter, who has lost very little of his old romantic grace; and in Hamilton we were present at the representation of *Rob Roy* by the St Andrew's Society. The *title-rôle* was well done, and the performance of the Baillie by a Mr Corri was, as the Scotch say, "no sae bad," which always means very good indeed. Of course, it was the traditional Nicol Jarvie, who is an inferior person to the creation of Walter Scott. The stage generally deteriorates a character adapted from a novel. If the Baillie could only be as true to the original as Rowe's Micawber is! The latter was performing in Toronto a day or two ago.

After Chicago we went to Detroit, and thence to Toronto (the capital of Ontario), where we sang eleven nights to large audiences. Our success in Canada has been fully equal to that of father's first visit. After the audiences in the States, which were music-loving but not very sympathetic, it was gloriously refreshing to come upon the thoroughly British population of Canada. A person felt like shaking hands at first with every one he met, being once again amongst fellow-subjects. In Toronto we saw the great riot which took place one Sunday whilst a Roman Catholic pilgrimage was going from one church to another. The pilgrims had absolutely to fight their way along amidst volleys of stones hurtling over their heads. The military were called out, while the police fought gallantly against the rioters. For some minutes on end the pistols were going off like discharges of musketry, many persons were wounded, and the crowds and excitement were something wonderful. My brothers and I will long remember the scene. There is another spectacle which we will not forget, and that is—Niagara!

(To be continued.)

The Port to the World.

O World! Musical World!

Placidly pausing amid thy grating
To minister humour to every peruser
Who hurled whirled yet gracefully twirled
By the wit in each column erstwhile so solemn
Umquhile so darkling but now bright and sparkling
That all gladly read thee none ere refusing
Eagerly scan thee with sighs terminating
Pernial refusal
To yield thee to shield thee
Resolving dissolving
With joyance their ha'pencies
In exchange for your sapencies*
You are one of the papers we read
We wish you a poet's good speed
O Musical World! O World!

J. C.

* These are slightly Homeric wisenesses, partly blind, having only one I.

THE funeral of the late Augustus Mayhew took place in Barnes Cemetery, Barnes Common, on Thursday, the 30th Dec. In addition to the relatives, we observed, among those who attended to pay a last sad mark of respect, Messrs H. Howe, senior and junior, James Vizetelly, J. Hutton, Edward Murray, C. E. Withall, Walter Withall, Sutherland Edwards, Dr Palmer, A. Rhodes, J. V. Bridgeman, John Boosey, and many others. The funeral arrangements were under the personal direction of Mr Garstin, of Welbeck Street. The first part of the impressive burial service, with choral service conducted by Mr Bonham Horner, who presided at the organ, was celebrated in Barnes Church, whence the funeral *cortège* proceeded to the Cemetery.

Higher Development.

Nos. 1 and 2.

Liszt Ferencz

a dicsőségesen uralkodó zongorakirály az ő különféle attitűdjében.

— Nyolcz rajzban bemutatja Borsszem Jankó. —



Megjelen a főlény mosolyával, melyet játékonan mérsékelt szerény reverenciája Dörgő taps, viharos éljen.



Az első accord. Rrrrrum — csin! Visszanéz, mintegy mondván: vigyázzatok, most jön!

Higher Development.

Nos. 3 and 4.



Szemét lehunyja. Mintha csak magának játszanék. Ünneptélyes morgás a huroknak.



Pianissimo. Szt. assisi Liszt Ferencz beszélget a maderakkal. A felvilágosodik,

Higher Development.
Nos. 5 and 6.



Hamleti tépelődés. Fausti vívódás. Mély csend. A köhögés
sohajja lesz.

Eheu!—per Hercle! “Goddam!”—John Bull.



Chopin. George Sand. Visszaemlékezés. Édes ifjuság. Illat,
holdsugár és szerelem.

Higher Development.
Nos. 7 and 8.



Dante. A pokol. Az elkárhozottak (köztük a zongora is)
jajgatnak. Lázos izgatottság. A pokol kapuit bevágja a szőlőszőlő. Bum!



Csak játszott. Nem csak nekünk, de velünk is. Irgalmas
szerénységgel hajtja meg magát. Csattogó taps, kábító éjlen.

MUSIC IN BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

After having for a series of years been represented in a manner altogether unworthy an important theatre, Meyerbeer's *Prophète* has at last been given at the Monnaie with a completeness and amount of care most creditable to the new managers, who have done everything in their power to render the revival a success. It is a pleasant thing to be in a position to state that they have achieved the object they had in view, and that their efforts have been properly appreciated by the public.

The part of Jean de Leyde was entrusted, for the first two or three nights, to M. Warot. But it made, probably, too great a demand upon his physical powers. At any rate, though his impersonation was favourably received, he has since ceded the part to M. Sylva, for whom it is better adapted, and who has shown himself in it to greater advantage than perhaps in any preceding opera, not excepting *Robert le Diable*. The somewhat lachrymose character of Fidéls found an admirable representative in Madlle Bernardi. She was especially good in the air of the second act, "Ah! mon fils, sois béni," and in the grand scene of the fourth act, where her acting exhibited a natural pathos as truthful as it was touching. Mad. Hamackers was a charming Bertha. The chorus and band were exceptionally good. The skating-scene, was well calculated to swell the ever-increasing number of enthusiastic rinkers or rinkists.

At the third Concert Populaire the pianist was Madlle Anna Mehlig. Among other things she played Chopin's Concerto in E, and Weber's "Polonaise," as arranged, or, more properly, deranged, for pianoforte and full band by Liszt. She was much applauded, and, in answer to a recall, treated her audience to the Abbate's "Campanella." The purely orchestral works included two novelties: a "Scherzo Symphonique," by M. J. Vanden Eeden, a young Belgian composer, and Raff's symphony in D. What M. Vanden Eeden may prove himself in time to come, it would be rash to predict. Enough for the present that he has evidently studied Schumann and Wagner. Raff's symphony is not the best thing from his pen. It achieved at most a *success d'estime*. The concert concluded with Wagner's overture to the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

M. Mermet's *Jeanne d'Arc* is in active rehearsal at the Grand Opera, and due preparation is being made for the production of the ballet of *Sylvia*, in which Madlle Sangalli will sustain the principal part. She has already tried her hand, or, rather, her foot, in the most important *pas*.

The Boieldieu Centenary performances at the Opéra-Comique—there were two—went off, as I am informed, exceedingly well. I was not present, the usual privileges of the press being suspended in honour of the occasion. Report speaks well of M. Duchesne as George Brown, and of M. Barré as Frontin. In *Le Calife de Bagdad*, Madlle Chapuy is said to have achieved a big success. Now that I am on the subject, I may as well state that the Rouen Centenary Performances, also, of this much be-festivated composer—for you remember that there was a Boieldieu Centenary Festival at Rouen in the summer—went off in an equally satisfactory manner, on the 15th December. There was no official ceremony, it is true, but there was a grand gala performance at the Théâtre des Arts. All the authorities, civil and military, "assisted." The programme included a new two-act comic opera, *La Halle du Roi*, words by M. Nutter, music by M. Adrien Boieldieu, the son of the hero of the festival; a "Marche Triumphale," the "Hommage à Boieldieu," written by M. F. Deschamps, and recited by M. Maubant, of the Théâtre Français; the second act of *La Dame Blanche*; and the solemn coronation with wreaths and garlands of Boieldieu's bust. The new opera was well received, the composer being enthusiastically called on at the fall of the curtain.

But let me return to the banks of the Seine. The following is believed to be the working staff of M. Albert Vizzentini's new venture, the Théâtre-Lyrique: Stage-Director, M. Augustin Vizzentini; General Secretary, M. Jules Gaudemer; Treasurer, M. Prost;

Conductors, MM. Daubé and Thibault; Chorus-Master-in-Chief, M. Cœdès; Second Chorus-Master, M. Heyberger; Stage-Manager, M. Baudu; Ballet-Master, M. Justament; and Chief-Machinist, M. Eugène Godin. The season will commence on the 18th April, 1876, when *Dimitri*, words by MM. Henri de Bornier and Armand Silvestre, music by M. Victorin Joncières, will be produced for the first time.

M. Lecocq's newest work, *La Petite Mariée*, produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, has proved a lucky hit for the manager, M. Victor Koning, who, in return for the taste and liberality displayed by him in putting it on the stage, will probably have the gratification of seeing it figure in his bills for a long time to come. The cast includes Mesdles Granier, Alphonsine, MM. Vauthier, Dailly, and Félix Puget, who were all well suited. The music is melodious and flowing; it is calculated, moreover, to satisfy the critic, while appealing, without pandering, to the taste of the masses.

Permit me to wind up with a few miscellaneous scraps. M. du Locle has returned to Paris much benefitted in health by his trip to the East. He has resumed the managerial sceptre at the Opéra-Comique, and accepted a new work from MM. Gondinet and Delibes, authors of *Le Roi fa dit*, though not a word of the libretto or a note of the music is yet written. The two collaborators, so it is reported, have not even decided upon a subject. Verily, M. du Locle appears to have faith in the maxim: *De l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*.—Charles Gounod paid a visit lately to the Grand Opéra for the purpose of witnessing a performance of *Don Juan*. He still wore one arm in a sling. Mr Mapleson, also, and Sig. Merelli have been to see Mozart's great work as placed upon the stage by M. Halanzier. It seems they were delighted, and complimented their fellow-manager most heartily.—*Et voilà tout pour aujourd'hui*.

THE STORY OF THE DEWDROPS.

(From the Illustrated Dramatic and Sporting News.)

The fairies are born when the daylight dies,
And starlight is sparkling in summer skies.
Exulting all night in their revels gay,
They die at the first rosy blush of day.
Their carols resound through the woods no more;—
No more will they dance on the daisied floor;—
Of elfin and fairy no trace appears,
Save tremulous dewdrops;—the fairies' tears!

The nightingale sings to them all night long;
And blithely they dance to her thrilling song.
But, suddenly,—dances and songs have ceased!
The morning is nigh, in the golden east!—
They weep, for they know their end is nigh;—
And when into air they dissolve, and die,
Each leaflet an eloquent record bears:—
The dewdrops of morning are fairies' tears!

HENRY HERSEE.

Pasdeloup to Wilhelmj.

The following letter will be read with the gravest consternation by those who look upon art as cosmopolitan:—

"MONSIEUR,—J'ai été fort étonné de la lettre que j'ai reçue de M. Morin, qui je n'avais nullement chargé de vous engager. Vous pouvez lui demander communication de ma lettre. Lorsque Mr Ullman m'a parlé de votre desir de vous faire entendre à Paris, le premier mouvement de l'artiste a été de dire 'Oui'; c'est aussi sur cette impression que j'ai écrit à Lassere; mais en voyant le moment approcher, que, pour vous comme pour moi, il vaut mieux que cela ne soit pas (*Quoi donc?*), croyez moi nos douleurs sont énormes, trop vives, pour que de long temps je puisse accepter un artiste de votre pays. Recevez, monsieur, le respect d'un admirateur de votre beau talent.

"Pasdeloup."

M. Pasdeloup should now write in the same vein to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other illustrious Germans, without whose works his concerts could not exist. D.P.

At the Symphony.

No. 1.



The man who enjoys the First Movement.

No. 2.



The man who enjoys the Scherzo.

(To be continued.)

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING.—Well—I can't get it out of my brain !
 DR QUINCE.—What ?
 DR SHIPPING.—Well—it seems odd !
 DR QUINCE.—I don't catch.
 DR SHIPPING.—Well—I thought the New Yorkers a gallant crew.
 DR QUINCE.—Same here.
 DR SHIPPING.—I don't think so now.
 DR QUINCE.—Neither I.
 DR SHIPPING.—Not a voice uplifted !
 DR QUINCE.—Why—not a finger !
 DR SHIPPING.—And for such an artist !—a stranger in the land !
 DR QUINCE.—And such a lady !
 DR SHIPPING.—When, too, she was lying on a bed of sickness !**
 DR QUINCE.—Well—it makes me believe that chivalry is dead.
 DR SHIPPING.—Drunk up by thirsty nothing ?
 DR QUINCE.—That's Shelley ?
 DR SHIPPING.—Well—and * * * * * !
 DR QUINCE.—Why—and Dwight !
 DR SHIPPING.—Men of New England Athens !
 DR QUINCE.—Not like the men of Auld Reekie !
 DR SHIPPING.—No "Lang syne !"
 DR QUINCE.—Too young for that !
 DRS SHIPPING & QUINCE (ensemble).—Fi donc ?

(Exeunt severally.)

[One hundred pounds for a meaning !]

Abraham Sabote Silent.

** Mme Arabella Goddard has just recovered from a very severe attack of intermittent fever, which, it appears, she originally became subject to in Ceylon. She, however, rejoined the Tietjens party in Harrisburg on Monday evening.—*New York Dramatic News*.

Dialogues in Purgatory.



DR SERPENT.—Did you go, at the end of the summer, to Mapleson's laying of the first brick ?
 DR GHOST.—I am no bricklayer ; I stayed away.
 DR SERPENT.—Did you go the other day to see the first stone laid ?
 DR GHOST.—I had so recently laid a Stone on my own account that the feat possessed no interest for me.
 DR SERPENT.—You mean the Doctor ? not a nice stone to build upon, I should think !
 DR GHOST.—Nor Mapleson's operative stone either : it was made, they declare, of some sort of composition.
 DR SERPENT.—I see nothing to object to in a stone made of composition. What I should really think intolerable would be a composition made by Stone.
 DR GHOST.—The late Sir Arthur Helps used to say that, in London, the air decomposed stones.
 DR SERPENT.—He would have been nearer the mark had he said that, in London, Stone composed airs.
 DR GHOST.—However, we have put him down at last !
 DR SERPENT.—We have !
 DR GHOST.—And it now only remains to get inscribed on some prominent part of his configuration :—
 "This Stone was laid by Drs Serpent and Ghost in the Year of our Redemption, 1875."

(Vanish.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON OF
MIDLE MARIE KREBS AND SIGNOR PIATTI.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in D major, Op. 18, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
AIR, "Pella adorata"—MR SHAKESPEARE .. *Mercadante.*
SUITE DE PIÈCES, in E major (with Variations on "The Har-
monist us Blacksmith"), for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE
KREBS .. *Handel.*

PART II.

SONATA in D major Op. 58, for pianoforte and violinello—
Mlle MARIE KREBS and Signor PIATTI .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONGS, {"Du bist wie eine Blume"} .. *Schumann.*
{"Sing, maiden, sing"} .. *Bennett.*
MR SHAKESPEARE.
QUARTET in F, Op. 77, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violon-
cello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Haydn.*
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 15, 1876.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in D minor (No. 2 of the set dedicated to Haydn), for
two violins, viola, and violinello—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA,
MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Mozart.*
AIR, "Adelaide"—MR SIMS REEVES .. *Beethoven.*
SONATA in A flat, Op. 26 (with Funerai March), for pianoforte
alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS .. *Beethoven.*
ALLEMANDE, LARGO, and ALLEGRO, for violinello, with
pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI .. *Veracini.*
SONGS, {"The Savoyard"} .. *Beethoven.*
{"The Kiss"} .. *Chopin.*
TRIO in G minor, Op. 8, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—
Mlle MARIE KREBS, Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor
PIATTI .. *Chopin.*
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR THOMAS EAGLES.—No. Wagner was at first his own John, and afterwards became his own Paul. To become his own Peter, under any circumstances, would have been impossible to Wagner. Dr Eagles suggests that he might be his own Swan; but, then, Wagner could hardly be Jupiter and Leda at the same time. The Swan of Lohengrin was an entirely different Swan. *Requiescat in pace!* About *Tristan* (or "Tristram") consult Thomas of Erceldoune ("Thomas the Rhymer").

BIRTH.

On December 27th, at 128, Warwick Street, Pimlico, the wife of Mr FRANK J. AMOR, of a son.

DEATH.

On Christmas Day, at Richmond, AUGUSTUS SEPTIMUS (one of the Brothers Mayhew), in the fiftieth year of his age, seventh son of the late Joshua Mayhew, Esq., of Carey Street. Friends, please accept this intimation.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive sixteen pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

In our next Number will appear a portrait of the celebrated Italian tragedian, Signor Salvini, in his great part of the "Gladiatore," from the pencil of Mr Charles Lyall.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1876.

SCHOLASTIC HONOURS.

THE large increase, during recent years, of musical institutions which grant diplomas to their members with the privilege to append initials to their names, is one of the signs of the desire of distinction, and, still better, its desert among the rising generation of musicians. This is well for art, and it is well for lovers of art, whether within or beyond the circle of its operations—whether workers or witnesses. Acknowledging and respecting what is good in intention and result in new institutions, it must be felt that this makes greater than ever the responsibility of those of longest standing, which, as they once were alone in the right of conferring scholastic distinctions, must still keep far ahead of all other examining bodies, in order to maintain their ancient estimation. Hence, it is incumbent on the Universities, which, since the year 1463, have conferred degrees in music that certify as to the attainments of those who win them, to make the standard of excellence ever higher and higher, which these degrees represent, in proportion to the rise of general culture.

The nature and signification of a scholastic degree should be self-obvious, though they are sometimes misunderstood, and their broad and general definition may therefore be permissible. No code of art rules can measure the power or extent of genius. The public, but scarcely even that public which is cotemporaneous with the production of a work, is the only examining body that can declare a verdict on a masterpiece. Nothing less than the whole world can pronounce that the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, that the *Matthew Passion* and the pedal Fugues, that *Don Giovanni* and the Jupiter (so-called) Symphony, that the Heroic Symphony, and that *Elijah*, are each the greatest work of its class and of its time. The inherent greatness of these compositions is a thing apart from scholarly propriety, of which no principles of right and wrong can be a gauge. More than this, it has ever been the province of highest artistry to transcend imperfect regulation, and to indicate to the theorist the points of insufficiency in pre-existing laws, and thus to expand the resources of art itself; just as much as the discoverer of natural truths extends the range of science. It also must be owned that in the grandest productions of the human mind, there are incidents quite exceptive from their beauty, which are indeed the proofs that these works are human; but we are either so dazzled by the surrounding brightness, or we are so grateful for it, that we are either insensitive to momentary bad effects, or prompt to condone them in reverence for the context. Scholastic inquisition could just as little ignore the one as acknowledge the other of such facts. Its function is to refer to prevailing rules as the test, not of genius, but of knowledge; to certify to what has been acquired; but to stand aloof—in reverence, it may be—from criticism of what has been created. These prevailing rules must be applied with a liberal and sympathetic interpretation, but still applied with strict severity in probing the scholarship of any candidate for academical honours. The rules of an earlier age are inadequate to the advances of a later; and hence the experience of the judge must comprehend the uses of the time, and it is well if his discrimination enable him to sift these from the abuses. The art rules that justify the doctorship and bachelorship respectively of Thomas Saintwix (or Saintjuste) and Henry Habington, were as insufficient for the days of Tallis, as were those of the latter period inappropriate to the time of Purcell, and so on from century to century in the history of the art's advancement. Each generation

has learned from its precursor what is new and beautiful in the resources of an artist; each opens a like revelation to its successor; schools may witness and even admire the one, but can only legislate on the other. The past is our own, the present is the owdom of the future. Melodic grace, harmonic power or sweetness, dramatic fire and passionate expression, are all things outside of the school-room and beyond the range of professorial stricture; such merits are for the general hearer to perceive and applaud, and this entirely apart from the perfection or otherwise of the technical means whereby they are represented. A diploma testifies to the knowledge of its holder; his power to apply this knowledge challenges a broader and far different judgment.

Whatever is fully known is always at command. The value of acquirements consists in their instantaneous applicability, and this indeed is the best proof of their possession. No surrounding circumstances or embarrassing witnesses should be able to dislodge from the mind facts of which it is entirely certain. It would have been to no purpose for the hero of Waterloo to have said he could not fight that battle while the intrusive French were scrutinising every command he issued. It would have been to none, for the surgeon who saved the life of Brunel, the engineer, by suddenly turning him head downwards when the half-sovereign was sticking in his wind-wipe and thus jerking it from its position, to have taken a week to consider how he should treat the case. Alike would it be to no purpose for the members of a sketching club, the subject of whose evening task is announced when the pencil is already in their hand, to be nervous in the presence of their companion artists, or to depend upon a night's consideration of the arrangement, and a morning's study of models, for the completion of the design. It would be to as little for a church organist, who might be required to harmonise and accompany at sight an unknown psalm-tune, to say that he could not while the congregation were listening, or that he must have time and seclusion to compose a counterpoint and practice the passages. The frequent reply of a learner, that he understands such or such a thing but cannot explain it, comprises in the latter half a denial of the former, since whatever is clear to our understanding must be ready for our definition. The titles granted by the Universities command the faith of the world in their respective holders; and, to do so, they should be attainable only by foregone proof that they speak in verity.

The requisite proof may be threefold of a candidate's desert.

Firstly.—A deliberate composition, of which the subject may be chosen according to his taste, and treated according to his inclination, may show his power of invention, his poetical conception, and his capability of developing ideas. The first two of these can interest and gratify an examiner; the last alone can exercise his technical judgment. Anyone may declare, according to fancy, that this or that is a striking phrase or a happy expression of a sentiment; an examiner's duty is to investigate resolutions of chords, part-writing, plan, and other such matters as involve no display of genius, and its exercise only in so far as it helps to the discernment of beauty from defect, good from evil, right from wrong. The extensive work here supposed is a requisite evidence of the demanded skill, which must be the result of care and contrivance and thought in the arrangement and conduct of materials.

Secondly.—Spoken replies to interrogatories within the range of required knowledge, may show the depth of his learning by the promptitude of its application. The bottom of a clear pool is visible on the surface; the intervening water is as the individuality of him who is catechised, which may, in some measure, refract the underlying truth, and so qualify its appearance; but, if transparent, cannot alter the existing fact. The analysis of

some standard work is convenient for this kind of examination, as testing a candidate's intimacy with the work in question, and his ability to trace, in their application by a master, the rules and their exceptions, wherewith his conversancy is required.

Thirdly.—Written solutions of technical problems may show his capability of exemplifying what he has described in speech. It is one thing to know that a certain figuring denotes a certain chord, and another thing to produce and properly resolve this chord upon paper; it is one thing to describe a species of counterpoint, and another thing to render a specimen of the same; it is one thing to state the general laws of fugal subject and answer, and another thing to distinguish the notes in the former that need modification in the latter.

The requirements for the two degrees have now to be discussed.

For a Bachelor, it seems desirable to manifest such acquirements as may be brought into play in the private practice of musicianship, and the discharge of the public functions of an organist. To be able to read from all kinds of clefs and from figured basses, is, of course, indispensable. So, too, is such facility in part-writing, and such familiarity with the rules of counterpoint, as will secure the working of exercises in either of the five species. Equally necessary is such knowledge of chromatic harmony as may enable a candidate to place chords below a given line of melody. Practical ease in the construction of a simple canon, and knowledge of the principles of fugue are imperative. Such knowledge of the capabilities of instruments, or at least of the method of writing for them, as enables one to read an orchestral score, is necessary to everybody professing music; and an insight into the ancient ecclesiastical system is now-a-days as much wanted.

For a Doctor, a higher knowledge and greater practical fluency in all these departments should be exacted, as also of so much of the principles of harmonics as bears virtually upon music; for this degree should certify the fitness of its holder for any office to which a complete artist may be called, apart from executive dexterity, which, by common consent, is allowed to be wholly beyond the pale of University inspection. No probation can be too stringent, no measure too minute, of the qualifications of an aspirant to this title. Beyond what is proposed above, it is to be wished, in our times, that a graduate have knowledge of symphonic forms and freedom in their use. With our fathers, fugue and canon were not only the highest, they were almost the sole forms in which a musical composition might be cast; but the course of art has taken another direction in the last hundred years, and, to follow it efficiently, a different kind of art training from theirs must now be super-added to the once ample qualifications for such travel. With their fathers, a knowledge of Boethius was all that the University insisted upon from her musical children, and his treatise was the single text-book to which a musician was referred.

As to the Professor with whom lies the approval or the veto, let it be hoped that he may have a full sense of his grave responsibility, a certainty that his own period for self-improvement is of life-long extent, a ceaseless endeavour to advance his own erudition, and an inflexible will to render justice to them who may submit to the authority which is confided to him.

G. A. MACFARREN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—“For my part I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me.” So said Sir Fretful Plagiary to his friends, Mr Dangle and Mr Sneer. Not a day has past since he made the assertion, and not a day ever will pass, while this teetotum earth of ours con-

tinues to spin round upon its axis, without lips innumerable pronouncing the same assurance, couched in pretty nearly the same words, and based upon an equally exiguous substratum of fact. Sir Fretful asked for criticism, but wanted praise, just as, in the olden times, an inmate of the King's Bench Prison demanded a yard of tape when he meant a quartern of gin.

In a fit of virtuous indignation, one of Racine's personages exclaims :—

"Détestables flatteurs, présent le plus funeste,
Que puisse faire aux rois la vengeance céleste,"

La Fontaine, too, causes the fox to inform the crow that—

"Tout flatteur vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute,"

a verse, by the way, which is none the less untrue because it has attained the dignity of a proverb. Every flatterer does not live at the expense of the person flattered. Flattery is as often as not employed simply out of a kindly wish to afford gratification to the person addressed. I do not defend flattery. My only aim is to be impartial. I recollect that in this matter, as in most others, the demand creates the supply. Flattery is the outcome of Vanity. Were Vanity dead, Flattery would soon be extinct.

What thanks does a man obtain by giving his opinion sincerely? None. On the contrary, his frankness generally raises him up a host of enemies and exposes him to a furious storm of obloquy, in which the vilest imputations patter about his head like hailstones of hate and offended *amour-propre*. Still there are times when silence becomes a crime. If a man fancies he sees the reason why the existence is endangered, or the progress impeded, of anything he deems a public benefit, he is bound to speak; it is his duty to tell what he believes the truth, however unpalatable that truth may be to those who receive it. Therefore, Sir, if you will kindly afford me the space in your columns, I shall proceed to offer a few remarks which may not meet with the approval of all who peruse them. But I am indifferent to the indignation excited in certain circles, if I can, in the smallest degree, serve the interests of English Opera.

Now I beg at once to state that, when I use the expression: English Opera, I imply: Opera in English. I am as great an advocate for native talent as any one, though I refuse to acknowledge native "talent" when it is synonymous with native mediocrity and native dullness. I am proud that we can boast of Balfe, of Vincent Wallace, and of Arthur Sullivan; but I should no more, on that account, wish to exclude the works of foreign composers from the English lyric stage, than I would have the masterpieces of Titian and Correggio, of Michael Angelo and Rubens, banished from our picture-galleries; or, to use a more humble and commonplace illustration, forbid Cognac to be set upon my table because I can procure a home-made alcoholic compound called British Brandy.

Having defined what I mean and what I do not mean by the term: English Opera, I will now, Sir, with your leave, proceed to state what, in my opinion, is one of the principal reasons why English Opera has hitherto failed to become, as it ought to become, a firmly established institution among us. The reason to which I refer is the histrionic incapacity of too many of those who set themselves up as its practical exponents, and who, thanks to a feeling of indulgence on the part of the well-abused men who have to criticize them, are permitted to undertake a task for which they are incompetent. The evil is not one of modern growth. It has always, un-

fortunately, been the curse of English Opera, from the earliest period. To take a few examples from a past age. Braham as an actor was wretched, and might have excited pity even among amateurs. Sinclair was little better, and the same may be said of T. Cooke, Horn, Duruset, Sapio—but why continue a list as long as it is humiliating?

Deplorable as this state of things is, we have, however, no cause for despair, provided due regard is paid to one important truth, which now seems quite ignored, namely: that because an artist possesses a fine and well-trained voice, he is fitted to step without more ado upon the stage. Never was there a more monstrous mistake, nor one more disastrous in its results. A singer who relies exclusively on his voice should remain in the concert-room. Behind the footlights he is altogether out of place. An operatic singer, if at all distinguished as such, can never be ridiculous as a concert-singer, but a concert-singer without proper histrionic training is a melancholy sight in an opera—a sight provocative of grief to his friends and singularly calculated to evoke the scorn and risibility of everyone else. He is the frog endeavouring to puff himself out to the dimensions of the ox; a dwarf attempting to achieve a feat of strength which rudely tries the powers of a giant. To be a pre-eminently great actor, or a pre-eminently great singer, falls to the lot of but few; to be only a respectable actor or a respectable singer demands years of unwearied application and intense study. How much more severe, then, must be the course of preparation requisite for everyone who aspires to success in the double capacity of actor and singer combined—and how few there are who seem to be aware of this?

"In for a penny in for a pound," "A man may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," and so on. In other words, I may as well make a clean breast of it. For my own part, I would as lief witness the performance, seen from a dramatic point of view, of a company of Marionettes as of a company of average English opera-singers. *De gustibus non est disputandum*. The wooden artists are to my mind quite as intellectual and far more diverting than their fellow professionals in flesh and blood, besides being, at the same time, free from the preposterous pretensions we often find in the latter. When the hero of a lyric drama has been expatiating on the charm exercised over his imagination by a Rover's Life; of his desire for selecting the Merry, Merry Greenwood as a place of residence; or of the ineffable delight he always experiences when his memory carries him back, which it appears to do on the slightest provocation, to his home by the village green, or the river's side, or on the mountain-top, and when I have witnessed the movement of the singer's arms to and from his diaphragm while he was making public avowal of his sentiments, a movement so monotonous and unmeaning that a respectable automaton would be ashamed of it, I have frequently agreed with Hamlet in thinking that "some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably." There is, however, one consolation, and that a great one. The evil of which I complain may be remedied if English lyric artists only determine that it shall be remedied. There are among their number some few bright particular stars—I would gladly name them, did I not fear to offend the modesty ever inseparable from high merit—who shine brilliantly both histrionically and vocally; who would enlist our sympathies and command our admiration, if they could not sing a note. They would never have done so, but for sheer hard work in learning to act as well as to sing. Let their colleagues in the gentle art imitate so good an example. Let them not be discouraged

by the difficulties in their path, but courageously persevere, mindful of the nursery rhymes :

"What others do
Why shouldn't you?
Try, try, try again!"

Let them adopt this course, and they will soon find their reward. Until they do adopt it, though managers may strain every nerve, in the way of engaging fine voices; in procuring the services of unimpeachable orchestras; in obtaining the aid of the most accomplished scenic artists; and in placing works upon the stage without the slightest regard to the cost, English Opera will fail to strike deep root, and be established on a firm and national basis, and the English public will be kept from the realms of English operatic bliss, just as Archytas,

"... Maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem,"

was prevented from reaching the Elysian Fields; though duly appreciating the bright exceptions to whom I have alluded, they will be unable, as they really ever have been, to get over the Sticks. N. V. N.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST!

"I take leave," quoth a Bloomsbury barrel-organ, "to give Mr Congreve the lie; for my music produces the opposite effect."
"So doth mine!" added a Soho cornet. "I give him the lie sonorous!"

"Congreve!"—cried the Editor of the ———; "what can a man who makes rockets know about the matter?"

DION BOUCAULT.

[The above is a sample of our explosives. The name of any objectionable journal can be inserted as a fuse; and it produces a very amusing effect when published. Many varieties on hand.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

As Suet and Bannister were one day walking along Piccadilly, a man on the roof of one of the coaches called out: "How are you, Dicky Gossip?"—"Now, how," said Suet, "should that man know me?"—"Easily enough," replied Bannister, "don't you see he is on the stage?"

SIGNOR RENDANO.—We are pleased to hear that there is every probability of our hearing, at one of the recent concerts of the Crystal Palace, this eminent young Italian pianist, in the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's magnificent third Concerto (C minor). The more such music is played, the more for the credit of English art.

THE subjoined lines, spoken by Bassanio in *The Merchant of Venice*, may interest the fair wearers of chignons at the present day:—

"So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre!"

A LADY who attended an amateur opera in Pittsburg, U. S., sends this bombshell into the ranks of the performers:—

"The physical degeneracy of the men of our day has seldom been so fully displayed in public as during the two recent performances of the *Rose of Castile*, by the Gounod Club. I was there on Friday night, and was astounded almost beyond measure at the exhibition of shrivelled limbs, bandy legs, and knock knees of their male possessors. It was a revelation to me; for, poor, untutored child of nature that I am, I had supposed, from frequently seeing these same young men on the street and in the drawing-room, wearing elegant suits of fine clothes, that they were shapely and comely in form, but the delusion was rudely dispelled by the anatomical display. I desire to say to the gentlemen of the Gounod Club, that before they sing another time in public, it would be well for them to make arrangements with some planing-mill for a supply of sawdust with which to fill up their outline and tone down the ragged edges."

THE following were the disbursements made for a play performed on the feast of St Margaret, 1511:

For Musicians (who were bound, however, to give their services for three nights)	£	s.	d.
For Players (in bread and ale)	0	5	0
For decorations, dresses, and play books	0	3	1
To JOHN HOBBAED, Priest and Author of the Piece	1	0	0
For the place in which the representation was held	0	2	8
For furniture	0	1	0
For fish and bread	0	1	4
For painting three phantoms and devils	0	0	4
For four chickens for the hero	0	0	6
	0	0	4

At the present season, when Pantomime reigns triumphant, it may not be out of place to quote the following lines applied by a writer of that day to the celebrated Clown, Grimaldi.

"You know what fooling is—true fooling;
The circumstances that belong unto it,
For ev'ry idle knave that shows his teeth,
Wants and would live—can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash."

Mad Lover, Act I. Scene I.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit,
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time,
And, like a haggard, check at ev'ry feather
That comes before his eyes."

Twelfth Night, Act III. Scene I.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Chicago Tribune* has favoured that paper with the subjoined couple of additional verses to Poe's song of "The Bells":—

I.
"Hear the ringing of the bell!
Rising bell!
What a world of misery its harsh sound doth foretell!
How it clatters—clatters—clatters, on the icy air of morn,
Till all pleasant dreams it scatters,—wakes us up to thoughts
forlorn!
Though 'tis far from our desire,
We must rise to light the fire,
While we shiver—shiver—shiver,—
And the stars all seem to quiver,
And the stars and moon, still bright,
Seem to grin at us and quiver in a comical delight,
As we grumble, as we stumble, and we tumble out of bed,
As we pour forth ice-cold water, and bathe therewith our head,—
While we listen to the ringing
Of the bell—bell—bell,—
As we listen to the dinging
Of that dreadful get-up bell!"

II.
"Hear the merry breakfast-bell!
Cheerful bell!
It brings us thoughts of good things, and with it comes the smell
Of coffee, and of beefsteak, and potatoes smoking hot,
For the punctual early risers who are ready on the spot,—
For those who heard the rising bell, and got up in a hurry,
And did not take another nap, and then commence to skurry.
But the slothful! ah! the slothful!
Be they old or be they youthful,
They who, half-an-hour too late,
Fear they'll find an empty plate,
How they shudder at the bell,
And it sounds to them a knell,
As they listen to its swell

With a groan!
Oh! what anguish do they feel as they listen to the peal
Of the bell—bell—bell—bell—bell!
As they hear the folks go down,—
Tramp of boots and rustling gown,—
Left alone!
Then they view their sloth with sorrow,
Vow they'll rise betimes to-morrow,
As they listen to the ringing of the bell!
To the ringing and the dinging of the bell."

WE learn from the *Annuario Musicale Universale* of Sig. G. Paloschi, a most useful work published by Ricordi, Milan, that the anniversaries of the births of many celebrated musicians, and of the deaths of others, occur in the present month. Among them is the birth of Errico Petrella, on the 10th December, 1813; of Pietro Antonio Coppola, on the 11th, 1793; of Beethoven, on the 16th, 1770; of Adrien Boieldieu, on the 16th, 1775; of Domenico Cimarosa, on the 17th, 1749; of Carl Maria von Weber, on the 18th, 1786; and of Pietro Raimondi, on the 20th, 1786.—Johann Simon Mayr died on the 2nd, 1845; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, on the 5th, 1791; Giovanni Pacini, on the 6th, 1867; Ardian Willaert, on the 7th, 1562; Saverio Mercadante, on the 17th, 1870; and Luigi Ricci, on the 31st, 1859. The *Annuario* likewise gives the following as the dates when the subjoined operas were produced for the first time:—

December, 2nd,	1837,	<i>Le Domino Noir</i> , Auber, Paris.
"	"	1840, <i>La Favorita</i> , Donizetti, Paris.
"	3rd,	1820, <i>Maometto II.</i> , Rossini, Naples.
"	4th,	1816, <i>Otello</i> , Rossini, Naples.
"	5th,	1872, <i>I Promesi Sposi</i> , Ponchielli, Milan.
"	8th,	1849, <i>Luiza Miller</i> , Verdi, Naples.
"	10th,	1825, <i>La Dame Blanche</i> , Boieldieu, Paris.
"	15th,	1807, <i>La Vestale</i> , Spontini, Paris.
"	"	1832, <i>Le Pré-aux-Cleres</i> , Hérold, Paris.
"	20th,	1869, <i>Esmeralda</i> , Campana, St Petersburg.
"	22nd,	1819, <i>Olimpia</i> , Spontini, Paris.
"	"	1841, <i>La Reine de Chypre</i> , Halévy, Paris.
"	24th,	1871, <i>Aida</i> , Verdi, Cairo.
"	26th,	1819, <i>Bianca e Faliero</i> , Rossini, Milan.
"	"	1830, <i>Anna Bolena</i> , Donizetti, Milan.
"	"	1831, <i>Norma</i> , Bellini, Milan.
"	"	1833, <i>Lucrezia Borgia</i> , Donizetti, Milan.
"	"	1834, <i>Chi dura Vince</i> , Luigi Ricci, Rome.
"	"	<i>Gemma di Vergy</i> , Donizetti, Milan.
"	"	1841, <i>Maria Padilla</i> , Donizetti, Milan.
"	"	1848, <i>La Schiava Saracena</i> , o <i>Il Campo dei Crociati</i> , Mercadante, Milan.
"	30th, 1844,	<i>Alessandro Stradella</i> , Flotow, Hamburg.

CONCERT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the bad weather there was a full and appreciative audience at Mr Aguilar's performance of pianoforte music on Monday last. We subjoin the programme:—Sonata, Op. 2, No. 2, Beethoven; Nocturne, in F sharp, Aguilar; Capriccio, in B flat minor, Mendelssohn; The Stars are brightly beaming (Transcription), Aguilar; The cat's fuge, Scarlatti; Valse, in A flat, Chopin; Sonata, in A minor, Aguilar; Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn; "Festspiel" and "Brautlied," *Lohengrin*, Liszt; Romanza, in A flat, Aguilar; Poésie musicale, "Si doux et cher," Oberthür; March militaire, Aguilar.

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL.—The opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given by the company of Her Majesty's Opera with great success at our new theatre a short time since. The part of Lucia was assumed by Mdlle Elena Varesi, who, though young, has proved herself complete mistress of all those requirements necessary for Italian opera. Signora Galassi and Behrens were respectively Enrico and Raimondo, and the part of Edgardo was entrusted to Signor Brignoli, who—says the *Western Daily Press*—satisfactorily acquitted himself both as an actor and vocalist. The singer, who has to be tender and chivalrous in the earlier part of the opera, and vehement and ardent in the Contract scene, was equal to the situations. With a voice of resonant quality, he produced a great effect in the "Maladetto," his chest notes being full and clear. Praise must likewise be awarded to him for the tender and fervid manner in which he sang "Fra poco a me."

It is stated that Mdme Arabella Goddard has seceded from the Tietjen's tour party, in the United States, and that her place is filled up by Mdme Careño-Sauret.

MILAN.—The company at the Scala is thus constituted for the present season. *Prime donne*: Signora Maddalena Mariani-Masi; Elena Sanz, Mantilla, and Valeria. Tenors: Signori Bolis and Gayarre. Baritones: Signori Aldighieri and Sparapani. Basses: Signori Maini, Barberat and Marchetti.

Confabulations Confidential.



DR FOX.—A happy new year to you—old Goose!

DR GOOSE.—Same to you—old Fox!

DR FOX.—Have you been to the Pantomimes?

DR GOOSE.—I have been to one. There was a goose devouring a fox!

DR FOX.—I also have been to one. How odd! There was a fox devouring a goose! More natural, I think?

DR GOOSE.—Not by no means! Times have changed. The "Geoses" have it all their own way now. Wagner has been devouring Mendelssohn, compared to whom, you will admit, Wagner is as a goose to a fox.

DR FOX.—Yes—and Bulow has been trying to eat up Arabella.

DR GOOSE.—Too tough a morsel for him, I think!

DR FOX.—Too tender, you mean; although, compared with Bulow, she is as a fox to a goose.

DR GOOSE.—He admits that she does not play wrong notes?

DR FOX.—But she does not admit that he plays always right ones.

DR GOOSE.—How do you know?

DR FOX.—No how!

DR GOOSE.—Then why say what you say?

DR FOX.—I thought you were "interviewing" me. Let's go sup together.

DR GOOSE.—Not by no means!

(Exeunt on good terms—but severally.)

WHAT COMES OF INTERVIEWING EMINENT PIANISTS.

(From the "New York Dramatic News.")

A rather interesting little private musical *séance* took place at the Lotus Club some few evenings since. An eminent pianist visited the club *incognito*, and was entertained by a select few. He was invited to play, and, sitting at the piano, he asked what was wanted. "I delight in Beethoven," said Mr ****, musical critic of the ****. "Let us have something from the repertoire of that master mind." The eminent pianist did not play any Beethoven, but a little *motif* by Chopin. At its conclusion, Mr **** remarked, "How easy it is to recognise in that music the hand of the great Beethoven. He is peerless." Mr ****, musical critic of the ****, then asked the eminent pianist to give something from Chopin, who, he observed, was his special adoration. The eminent pianist thereupon played a short air from Beethoven. As the last notes were dying away, Mr **** exclaimed, "No one but Chopin could have conceived the combined grace and ease of that delicious music. Chopin is my favourite in piano music." The eminent pianist didn't say much, but he probably thought a good deal.

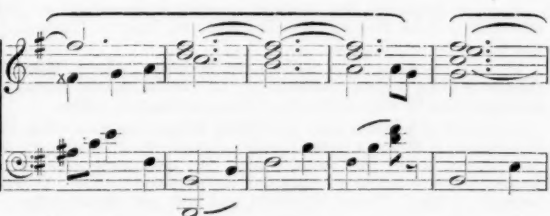
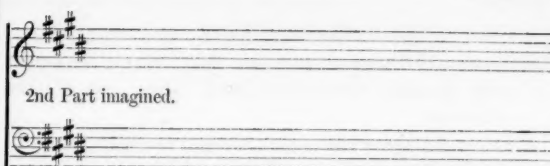
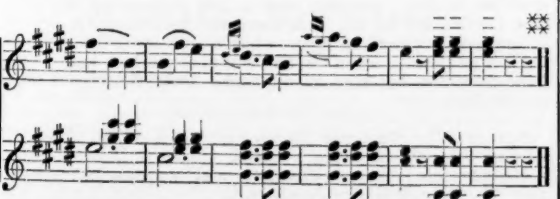
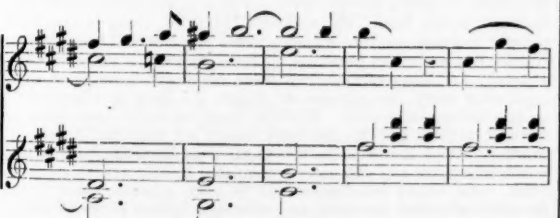
[This is what comes of "interviewing" eminent pianists.—D.P.]

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INTRODUCTION.

Langsam und schmachtel.

VALSE, No. 1. ⊕



The Waltzers, quite exhausted with delight, retire to Champagne and Selzer—
Coote's Band to the former. Hurrah !!!

Albion.

Edinburgh Castle.

EPISTEMON and PANURGE, each in a chair, asleep, the former with Horace's Odes in his hand. JOHN THE WAITER observing.

EPIST.—"Ambiguum tellure nova Salamina futuram." (I. vii.)

PAN.—*The Shaughraun* is moved to the Adelphi.

EPIST.—"Nil desperandum Teucro duce." (I. vii.)

PAN.—Sure to go right with Dion at the head of it.

EPIST.—"Fratres Helene, lucida sidera." (I. iii.)

PAN.—*Our Boys*—

JOHN.—James and Thorne.

EPIST.—"Exegi monumentum ære perennius." (III. xxx.)

PAN.—Has run more than 300 nights.

JOHN.—Whereas copper slips away very quick.

EPIST.—"Jocus circum volat." (I. ii.)

PAN.—*Fun* circulates.

JOHN.—Irving does not regard *Fun* as a joke at all.

PAN.—Neither does Sir R. W. Carden.

JOHN.—Though he takes it in.

EPIST.—"Nec partem solido demere de die Spernit." (I. i.)

PAN.—Irving gives morning performances of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum.

—o—
WAIFS.

No less than fifteen journals devoted exclusively to music and the drama are published in Milan.

Wagner is writing a new opera in the same style as *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. It is founded on Mickelwitz's poem of "Honrand Wallenrod."

Monsieur Guilmant, the eminent organist, is announced to give two recitals at the Bow and Bromley Institute, Bow, on Wednesday and Thursday evening next.

M. Diaz di Soria, the well-known baritone, who is now at Odessa, is to leave almost immediately for Constantinople, intending to return west by way of Brindisi, Florence, Genoa and Nice.

A number of ladies in New York have formed an association for the purpose of raising a fund to erect a monument to the memory of Washington Irving in Central Park. The monument is to be of bronze, will be a full-length statue of the poet and author. It will be made by Mr J. Wilson McDonald, and will cost 26,000 dollars.

The posthumous opera by Schubert is called *Des Teufels Lustschloss* ("The Devil's Country House"). The libretto, by Kotzebue, will be remodelled. The parts of the score were long missing, but have all been found, and every note of the original is now perfect. The director, Herr Swoboda, will produce the work in Vienna forthwith.

MUNSTER.—*Der lustige Schuster*, a "Singspiel," or musical burletta, nearly 120 years old, by "father Hiller," was lately produced by Herr Carl Thalheim, at the Summer Theatre "on the Island" and was enthusiastically received. *Der Dorfbarbier*, by Jos. Schenk, *Roth-Käppchen*, by Dittesdorf, *Doctor und Apotheke*, by the same composer, and other admirable works of a past generation, have also been revived by Herr Thalheim.

Madame Cave-Ashton—the favourite *prima donna* of Mr Thorpe Pede's operatic company, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre—has made her re-appearance in public, and sang with great success at Mr W. Pyatt's concert, given a short time since at Sheffield. The *Sheffield Post* says:—"Madame Cave-Ashton then appeared and charmingly sang 'Scenes that are brightest,' 'My Mother bids me bind my hair' (recalled), and 'The Bird that came in Spring' (flute *obligato* by Mr H. Nicholson). Both artists acquitted themselves admirably, and, in response to a rapturous encore, repeated the last verse.

A violin on a new model invented by Prince George Stourdzia has been tried at Vienna with not altogether favourable results. Setting forth on the principle that the ellipse is the most favourable geometrical figure for acoustical effect, Prince Stourdzia has made his fiddle of elliptical form. He has endeavoured thus to augment the volume of the sound, which would be a desirable attainment, and also to bring the tone as near as possible to the timbre of the human voice, which would be as certainly undesirable. Neither of these results did the inventor attain. Herren Helmsberger, father and son, Karl and Popper, did their utmost with the instrument, but could not evoke the absent power, nor bring out but a nasal and troubled tone. So ends the elliptical violin.

An Ohio sub-editor who acknowledges that he ain't funny a bit, but is endeavouring to be so for a dollar and seventy-five cents a day, is occasionally discouraged by having the editor-in-chief strike out one of his most facetious paragraphs, and then writing on the side of the proof, "Put this in the moral columns."

The chief of the *claque* in the Vienna theatre An der Wien, Herr Panovetz, died some time since, leaving a considerable fortune, gained in the exercise of his profession. The members of the theatre, from highest to lowest, were in the habit of employing him, and even used to take him on their provincial tours. Until recently, Panovetz led the *claque* at the Carl Theatre as well as at the theatre An der Wien, but the new manager of the Carl decided that his services should be dispensed with at the former, as he would not give up his post at the latter. His success in obtaining applause for his clients was so great that he was paid very handsomely, especially at first performances, when the actresses and their admirers loaded him with presents. He has forty young men under him when the applause should be unusually vigorous; but he generally employed a smaller number, preferring "quality to quantity."

There is no doubt that we shall soon have Italian Opera in this city (New York), at the Academy of Music, with Tietjens. Reinforcements are about to arrive from Europe, and Campanini will, in all probability, be the tenor. Communications have passed between Messrs Strakosch and Mapleson, and the latter will furnish the members of the company outside of the *prima donna* and tenor. Mr Strakosch is still very silent on the subject, but private advices inform us that this move is certain, and that the popular manager, spite of his unwillingness, will be forced into opera. One of the difficulties has been overcome. It is well known that the relations between the Academy stockholders and Mr Strakosch have of late been far from friendly, but they have come to the conclusion that Italian Opera with the one who has fought their pretensions, is better than no opera at all, and they have consequently given in. The season will probably begin about the end of January.—*New York Dramatic News*. [We shall see what we shan't see.—D. P.]

Hippolyte, Marquis de Saint-Georges, who died in Paris on the 23rd December, was one of the most successful French librettists of the present day. He counted among his musical collaborators Hérold, Auber, Halévy, Monpon, Flotow, Grisar, and others. His comic librettos are models of this kind of writing. We may mention those of *La Reine de Chypre*, *L'Eclair*, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, *Le Carillonneur de Bruges*, *Les Amours du Diable*, *Martha*, *L'Ombre*, *Jaguarita*, *L'Ambassadrice*, and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*. Not only was M. de Saint-Georges esteemed as an author; he was beloved for his kindly disposition, and admired for his distinguished and courtly bearing. According to *Vapereau's Dictionary*, his full name was Jules Henri Vernoy de Saint-Georges. He was born at Paris in 1801, though no one unacquainted with the fact would have supposed, seeing him walking so nimbly along the Boulevards, that he was seventy-five years old. It is even probable that we ought to supplement this age, to which he owed himself, by an extra twelvemonth or two; for, like Auber, M. de Saint-Georges had the weakness of wishing still to be considered young.

The name of the Marquis de St Georges must be familiar to thousands of opera-goers and music-lovers who were never acquainted with him in the flesh. He wrote the *libretti* of many of the most popular operas of our time; among many others it will be enough to cite *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *L'Ambassadrice*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, *L'Eclair*, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *Guido et Ginerva*, that most lugubrious story *Les Amours du Diable*, *La Reine de Chypre*, &c., besides ballets and novels. His first piece, *La Saint-Louis* dates as far back as 1821, and his last work was, I am told, the libretto of *Martha*. Well known as he was to the outside public, he was still better known to, and still more appreciated by, the artistic world of Paris. His bright intelligence and pleasant manners made him a favourite wherever he went, and, although he was 75 years of age, his youthful appearance and habits led people to believe that he must live for ever. Statistics show us that Paris is less unhealthy than London, and the vile smells that assails one's senses *à la sortie du théâtre* corroborate official figures; but in no place in the world do old men and women retain the habits of their youth so long. They must die at last, but they all die hard.—*Daily Telegraph Correspondent from Paris*.

CANNES.—The Municipal Council have voted a sum of 300,000 francs towards the erection of a theatre.

MADEBURGH.—The new Theatre is rapidly approaching completion. The Committee have already engaged the orchestra, which will consist of forty-two members. On extraordinary occasions, however, the number will be increased to fifty.

THE CHILD'S QUIRE.

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Sing to me, sing, your sweetest song;
My voice is weak, it ne'er was strong;
And your's is choking now with tears,
As if your heart were filled with fears.

Sing to me, sing to me, songs as clear
As birdies sing when summer's near;
Or let them be as soft and low
As from my mother's lips did flow.

Sing to me, sing, of Jesus mild,
Whose words were music to a child;
My sister sings in His safe arms;
O sing aloud of His sweet charms.

Sing to me, sing, a cheering strain;
My tiny ship is on a main,
So lonely, cold, so black and dark;
Your muse will waft my feeble bark.

Sing *with* me, sing, I reach the shore,
Where angels sing for evermore;
Sing *with us*, sing *with us*, purer, higher,
Until you join the Heavenly quire.

LEWIS THOMAS.

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